

By A. B. HALLENBERG.

When the front is on the punks, And the cornstalks yet to cut, The wood-pile short of "fodder," The life long yet to "cut."

And the horses in the stable Still waiting for their feed, The pig and sheep impatient— Knap they hear, they squeal!

And the cows are waiting, And the chickens are waiting, And the birds are waiting, And the bees are waiting.

The turkey-cock is gobbling, And the guinea fowl is cackling, And the geese are honking, And the ducks are quacking.

The hen is sitting on her nest, And the rooster is strutting, And the pig is rooting, And the sheep is bleating.

The cow is lowing, And the horse is neighing, And the dog is barking, And the cat is purring.

The bird is singing, And the bee is humming, And the fly is buzzing, And the spider is spinning.

The worm is crawling, And the slug is sliding, And the snail is creeping, And the mole is digging.

The frog is croaking, And the toad is croaking, And the snake is hissing, And the lizard is scurrying.

The turtle is crawling, And the tortoise is crawling, And the crab is crawling, And the spider is crawling.

The insect is crawling, And the animal is crawling, And the plant is growing, And the tree is growing.

The flower is blooming, And the fruit is ripening, And the seed is germinating, And the sapling is growing.

The forest is thriving, And the meadow is thriving, And the field is thriving, And the garden is thriving.

The world is thriving, And life is thriving, And love is thriving, And hope is thriving.

The future is bright, And the present is bright, And the past is bright, And the world is bright.

The sun is shining, And the moon is shining, And the stars are shining, And the world is shining.

The day is bright, And the night is bright, And the morning is bright, And the world is bright.

The year is bright, And the century is bright, And the millennium is bright, And the world is bright.

The world is bright, And life is bright, And love is bright, And hope is bright.

The future is bright, And the present is bright, And the past is bright, And the world is bright.

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The year is bright, And the century is bright, And the millennium is bright, And the world is bright.

The world is bright, And life is bright, And love is bright, And hope is bright.

# CHRONICLE LETTER BOX.

From Cincinnati.

EDITOR CHRONICLE:—Pardon me if you deem this an intrusion, after an absence of several months. But through your valuable paper let me thank the junior editor of the Elkton Register for a copy of his paper containing the eulogistic letter of his gifted correspondent.

Yes, in which he wishes to know what has happened in Cincinnati. For his information I will say she is quietly musing around her own fireside these cold wintry days, while her memory often reverts to the dear old days that spent in tracing her golden thoughts upon paper to meet the glances of the readers of the Register. No, her pen is not yet worn to the stem, but quietly lies undisturbed. Her theme of thought is not yet exhausted, but often trace with animated innocence the golden images that flitter now and then before her, becoming weary of laboring with love for those to whom they follow, always ready to yield homage to the pure and innocent beauties of nature, which God has lavished so freely around us. Yes, she often listens to the gentle zephyrs as they pass, leaving behind them soft, sweet, melodious tones as they fall upon her ear, like the sweet cadence of an Italian bard as he traces the notes of his clarinet. Yes, many and tender and full of sweetness has been her inspiring thoughts during all these long, weary days, though cold and cheerless, they have been agreeable, and not only so, but delightful, affording her a good foundation to revel in fancy—yes, she has dreamed into the dreams of the future, and to her poor mind it seems like a great reality which comes up before her, and imagination cannot penetrate it; she extends her hands in the dark expanse to grasp blindly for something true and perceptible to lead her, when she discerns that it is an unknown region, through whose trackless paths she is guided. Yes, the still loves the dear old days that thrilled her heart with such undefined raptures, as she catches in fancy one glimpse of those dear old floral friends of the long ago. They carry her back to her happiest hours, and she longs for the mid-summer to come with her geraniums and verbenas to kiss her face as she passes, and smilingly say, O, how lovely you are, she can almost imagine herself wandering in the garden or in the lawn reclining upon the cool, fragrant grass beneath the evergreens, there close her eyes and feel the soft caressing touch of the gentle south-wind upon her cheek, while her pleasing sensation induces the wild pungent odor of the pine cones that fall at her feet. Yes, she sometimes dreams of the "robins" that have thrilled her ear from dawn till dark, revealing to her heart better than any words can the sweet mysteries that lay enshrined therein; though her thoughts sometimes produce a rattle in the calm way, yet they are all the more sweet because of her utter isolation from the great warfare of her pen that now has lain silent so long.

No, she has not bestowed one thought upon the use of the "silver slipper" that may enjoy the "lectical quiet" of residing in the Old Testament, which has afforded her much pleasure in following Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and many others of like renown, but to her mind David's nature is more characteristic of simplicity than any other.

"Madame Rumer" still survives and no matter how cold and bad the weather she keeps gay. She has at last constituted some of her plans in the marriage channel, and here let me extend to my friend Charles the wish that the brilliant star of hope that now shines so brightly, with one uninterrupted flood of delight, may pour upon his pathway forever, and that the endless joys of prosperity may attend him through life. The old lady still claims that she will be completed this week, but as we have been so closely quartered for some time we are unable to state as to the truth of her assertion, but trust that our Kentucky friend when he invades Tennessee will be successful in getting away with his lovely prize beyond the reach of prying eyes.

The "unfortunate" still lives. Another year has been passed upon the world of the dead, the pleasures and sorrows are alike written, some soon to be forgotten, while others will burn forever upon

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